In or to whom reſtraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is ſmall benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with ſmall thankes,
I would not looſe the pleaſure of the eye.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarry here.
*Hubert* I know not Prince but as I geſſe,not long,
God ſend you freedome,and *God ſaue the King*.

*They iſſue forth.*

*Arthur*, Why how now ſirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*,gentle Keeper helpe:
God ſend this ſudden mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
*Hub.* So ſirs,depart,and leaue the reſt for me.
*Arth.* Then *Arthur* yeeld,death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this good *Hubert* pleade the caſe.
*Hub.* Patience young Lord,and liſten words of woe,
Harmefull and harſh,hels horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell,deepe ſorrow is the ſound.
*Arth.* What muſt I die?
*Hub.* No newes of death,but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome,and moſt vnluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe,heare not,it's hell to tell the reſt.
*Arth.* Alas,thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell,tis horror,not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be done,
Act it and end it,that the paine were gone.
*Hub.* I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart,my head,and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once deni'd.
Peruſe this letter,lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge,and pardon when you know.

Hubert



Hubert, *theſe are to command thee, as thou tendreſt our*
*in minde, and the eſtate of our perſon, that preſently vpo*
*receipt of our command, thou put out the eyes of* A
Plantaginet.

*Arthur.* Ah monſtrous damned man: his very bre
infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniuſtice that the miſcreant
Liues to oppreſſe the Innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert*: makes hee thee his inſtrument,
To ſound the trump that cauſeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes,the Saints do ſhed celeſtiall teares,
They feare thy fall and cite thee with remorſe,
They knocke thy conſcience moving pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bliſſe,
Enſureth Satan chieftane of thy ſoule:
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I ſpeake not only for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy ſweet ſoules loſſe,more then mine eyes vaine lac
A caſe internall and externall too.
Aduiſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard,
To looſe ſaluation for a Kings reward.
*Hubert.* My Lord,a ſubiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings command. (fu
*Arthur* Yet God commands, whoſe power reach
That no command ſhould ſtand in force to murther.
*Hubert.* But that ſame eſſence hath ordaind a law
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
*Arthur.* I pleade, not guilty, treaſonleſſe and free